



## FROM THE ANDAMAN OF THE CENTURY

(This piece of work is a partial narration of the inhuman torture pertaining to the Mujahid brothers in the confinement of Taghuts at Bangladesh. It is indeed difficult for even the most imaginative mind to envisage the filthy torture undergone by the flag bearers of Kalima in the Muslim land of Bengal. The Julm and cruelty of the Taghuts in the land and midst of Muslims, have even defeated the infamous torture cells of the Andaman Island or the Guantanamo of the Jew-Christian alliance. In fact these Taghuts are just pimps of these Jew and Christians, trained by them and ever ready to please their masters. Masked and bearing Muslim names, these animals continue the oppression on the soldiers of Tawheed, which anyone who has not seen or experienced would never be able to comprehend. A brief detail of Muslim persecution is presented herewith. The account of the Mujahidin and everything they are going through is witness that every prison of Bengal has turned into a torture cell of the infamous Andaman Island at British period.)

All Praise is for Almighty Allah, Who alone is worthy of worship and besides Him there is no other Ilah. He is One without any associate. He, Who has sent the Furqan to distinguish between right and wrong. All praise is to Him Allah, Who Gave Ibrahim (As) Hidaya and saved him from the burning fire of the idol-worshipping Mushriks; He Who saved Musa (As) and Bani Israil from the tyrant Pharaoh and his followers, strengthened Isa (As) with the Hawarin; He who saved Rasool (saws) and the Mu'minin in the cave of Abu Taleb and has failed the plots of the Kafir, Mushriks in all ages and given victory to the Mu'minin.

My salah and salam to Rasool (saws), his family, his companions and to all those who follows him till Qiyama. I seek Dua and forgiveness for the Mu'minin, the blood of whom has stained this land. I bear witness that there is none worthy of worship but the Almighty Allah and Muhammad (saws) is his slave and messenger.

This inscription is an anguish of broken hearted, repressed and despaired Mu'mins, some of whom have no more strength left in them to take the least abuse. The distressed slaves pray to their Lord for help. Today, they are imprisoned in the hands of most evil oppressors. Most of them passing days in the dark, filthy cells of rigorous torment, their hope and desires have come to a standstill in the brutal walls of the prison.

They often gave away the hope of freedom from the demeanor of the heartless, savage tyrants. But they never gave away hope of the Mercy of Allah (SWT). The vindictive, merciless torment by these sick barbarians forced many brothers to the verge of losing sanity and many of them did. Today, they look helpless, speechless. The servants of the tyrant Jews and Christians have broken every barriers of inhumanity. The brothers are undergoing relentless punishment, insult and inhumanly cruel treatment. Why this retribution? What is their crime? Their only crime is they are Muslims of Tawheed. There are many of them whose stories of arrest and abuse are indifferent. One of them shared his story as follows:

It was late in the afternoon. I was walking down the road, when a speeding black vehicle passed by. In a moment it took turn and braked in front of me. Before I could understand anything they tied my eyes, put me onboard and left the spot in a great haste. When they opened my eyes I found myself alongside a dirty pool. A man hurriedly tied my face and nose with a soaked towel and started pouring water over me. Another hurled abuse from the side "whatever we did in the car is just the beginning. You didn't open your mouth you son of a bitch! Now your father will speak!" Four men pulled my hands from behind and two stepped on my feet. I could see death in front of my eyes.

Remembered the incident of Ammar Ibn Yasir (RA)'s torture when he was tortured by douching in water. They bombarded me with questions every few instants. Felt that death is a lot better than this agony. Seeing my unwillingness to cooperate one of them swore "the son of a bitch needs hot water" and increased the time of spilling. Felt death is now inevitable. When you are facing death only

Allah (SWT) knows- from where so much strength comes to your body; with the violent shaking of my body the men lost the grip of my hand and fell on top of one another. In this way continued the struggle for life and death.

In state of helplessness they tied my eyes and were taking me to an unknown destination. When I opened my eyes found myself in pitch dark. Felt pain in moving the tired drained body from one side to another. I wanted to sleep but a sudden bright light of electric bulb took away the sensation. At the very instant few men entered and pulled me up. They tied my hands and legs and placing them in a wooden frame, they placed sticks underneath my arms and legs. My head hanging upside down, my feet attached to my lower back.

Two men who seemed like officers entered with heavy sounds of boots, accompanied by few guards. Everyone was wearing uniform. It was not too difficult to understand that this was the infamous elite force (RAB). The man who looked liked the officer shouted out loud. Hit after hit on the knees, lower back and feet caused blood to rush out of the bruises. "Bastard! Disclose while there is still time, your life will be spared". Cannot say how long this lasted.

Gaining consciousness, I found myself lying in bedding in a tiled floor. I was no long in the he dark damp room. I heard mild voices, "why did you have to do this to him?" At the same time I noticed an officer standing beside me. He tried to console me as if he felt I was maltreated. "Nothing will happen to you, only help us a bit. You are a citizen of this country and even the torture you have gone through can be called for justice. The terrorist are the enemies of the nation and country, but the ones who have been brain washed without understanding, we are there to look after them". He left giving strict orders to take me someone else.

By the lavish outlook it looked like an office. The enriched food, gentle etiquettes would compete against any five stars Hotel. I was feeling a little better now. Two guards escorted me to a different room where the officer was sitting in a chair. Inquiring of my condition he said, "Don't worry! your parents and others are doing well, when you feel a little better you can go home. But it is better if you go abroad than home. I have made all arrangements for you and your family to go abroad so that the terrorist can cause no harm to you. See, this is your plane ticket. I have also solved the problem of passport. I have said everything about you to my senior officer. Besides the government is very considering towards innocent and penitent citizens. You can tell me everything without fear."

Bones, skulls, the room displayed horrifying scenes of torture. I could hear the screams of agony from a distant place. Looking around, the short-lived bliss faded away fast. "What are you thinking?" asked the officer calmly. Seeing my unsupportiveness he tried different ways to convince me" Even if you don't want to speak the truth you can't hold it. It is your responsibility to look after the well being of your family. I am giving my word, I will look after your future and everything."

I was sitting in the sofa when few youths were brought forth. They all had clear

signs of torture in their faces. Two of them identified me and the officer was satisfied. They were taken away to give testimonies and be the main witness. "We know everything about you. Still I want you to show remorse by giving information", said the officer. They showed me some pictures which proves my involvement. Felt worse when the youths testified against me.

"Alright, you don't have to say anything, just sign on this paper" said the officer. With my negative indication he turned stiff. Some of the guards seized me, forced me to sit on another chair and tied me up. Thus, opened a new chapter of torture. My head began to spin; I am turning with the chair, feeling as if someone is pulling me away. I am almost unconscious. The torment continued in phases.

Upon gaining consciousness, I found myself in the dark. As the body slowly regained sensation, I jolted in disbelief. I was naked. With radiance from somewhere I found myself naked in a damp room. Could not hold back anymore. Tears began to roll down the eyes. Some men from the elite force (RAB) came in and asked me to stand up. My eyes closed in shame and disgrace.

Again, one question after another. Started giving electric shocks in the hands and legs. A saitan came in with a metal detector like thing and started giving electric shocks in my private part. I was remembering Allah in myself. Alas this world! They call this a Muslim country! All of a sudden a kick from behind threw me into the ground. They started giving shocks again, the fingers on the hands and feet became numb and turned black. Two men started kicking me incessantly. Blood started coming out from different parts of the body. The body is shaking with hunger and thirst. When I asked for water they urinated on me.

In the midst of this they bought a youth. He couldn't stop crying. When they left I tried to speak with him. He could speak of crying. When I tried to console him he said "everything is over, what is the point in consoling now!" Not finding his brother some police in white clothes picked him up from home. Torturing him they asked about the whereabouts of his brother. When he didn't say anything they brought his father, mother and sister. "They started torturing me in front of them and conversely when one of his family members conceded that he has information. When I didn't want to speak they took off my clothes. One of the them kicked my father on top of me and asked him to rape me. Otherwise they threatened to molest my mother and sister. They took off my father's clothes in front of me. I don't know if someone had to face more cruel or disgraceful situation than this? I couldn't take it anymore when father stood helplessly in front of me, beaten up inhumanly. I shouted out, I know everything, I will tell you, just let go of my mother and sister. One of them recorded everything and sent a message to some particular destination. They let my folks leave but kept me here", the boy said sobbing.

My eyes began to close out of fatigue. Cannot remember when I fell asleep. All of a sudden someone kicked me with a boot in the face and instantly they tied my legs and hanged me upside down. They started giving electric shocks in the

hand. My head became heavy. After sometime when I gained consciousness I asked for water. Taking permission from the officer they gave me water.

Felt I was somewhere else now. Beside me are two well built men, trying to cover the private parts with their hands. Did not get a chance to speak with them. They handcuffed out and hanged us so that we would not be able to sleep. They widened our legs and tied them to a support behind us. Felt extreme pain in the head and different parts of the body. After a while when we felt sleepy in the position they started giving electric shocks. This continued for days and night (I tried to guess the time because I would not know) and I reached a point of losing mental stability.

Now they made me stand in a small room. There was no option of moving an inch. Felt that the hanging position was better than this. Amidst this they gave some dry bread to eat. When I found it difficult to intake they brought some water. It was not difficult to have the bread with water. Could not keep my eyes open anymore. I was just about to sleep when a sharp, needle like iron boulder started descending on top of my head making a horrible noise. The boulder stopped with my scream in fear. Felt that death was better than this. Now I waited to see the end. But the closer it came down, the faster my blood began to circulate.

Cannot take it anymore, I cannot stay up any longer and they would not let me sleep. How much longer do I have to stay awake? Following the sound of boots, my eyes set on some senior officers. They asked me to speak the truth and help them. If I do not do so they warned of more dire consequences. I could no longer keep my eyelids open. Instantly a bright light fell over the eyes. Closing the eyes was of no avail. It seemed as if the light would penetrate the eyes into my head. Having standing in a place no longer than the size of a pipe, felt my feet would start bleeding. I could not take it anymore. I agreed to tell them everything but first I want to sleep. The moment they brought me down from the position I fell into the floor.

Awaking from sleep I found myself clothed. They took me to a magistrate and showing that day to be the day of arrest they asked for remand. Being granted the remand they brought me to the police station and started asking questions. I answered that I do not know. There was new beginning of torment. They threw me into reservoir. My feet struck pipes three to four feet under water. Instantaneously something more poisonous than the venomous snakes began to bite me. I understood it was catfish biting my legs. I screamed and lost consciousness. The bruises in the legs are still as it was.

They blindfolded me and were taking me to an unknown destination. When they stopped it was dark at night. It is extremely cold; on top of that there is not even any cloth to cover your privates. Suddenly a lamp lit up and a female officer entered into the room with some female guards. They started poking into my sensitive regions, passing filthy remarks. Asked Allah from my heart to relieve me from this fitna. The officer left and the women started harassing me. I earnestly pray to Allah that he protects the Mu'meen from these filthy

fitna. Felt strange that they have sold themselves to the order of their officers. Sometimes four, sometimes six in number, they abused me for hours displaying their body parts.

They continued with mental torture by connecting a tube in the passage path of urine, giving electric sparks, not allowing you to urinate and touching the sensitive regions and arousing desires. The room was getting warmer and I was no longer feeling the cold. The stimulating music continued. One of the girls was standing alone. I noticed her name and figured that she must have born in a Muslim household. I tried to give some nasiha and awaken her integrity. By the will of Allah, her conscience was stricken although for a moment. Upon questioning, she informed, "It is unimaginable that any man would ignore us. Rather they would like to die for getting us closer. But you people are completely different. That's why girls are used to tease the men and men are used to tease the women."

Later I got to know that our mothers and sisters were sexually harassed in front of the brothers. No son or brother or father would be able to stand still seeing this harassment. These culprits have no shame in collecting information using vile methods. O Allah! We submit our helplessness to You. Verily You accept the du'a of the oppressed. I went mad with anger and sorrow. They were threatening to kill me in case I do not comply with their proposal. My body was not even capable of taking a stroke of a flower. It is impossible to live in this situation without any clothes on.

They blindfolded me and took me somewhere else. I understood that place was not far. Then what I saw after opening my eyes was not possible for me to describe in words. Even an unusually imaginative person would not dare to think how humans were behaving with other humans in this very Muslim land. I was not thinking of myself anymore. Seeing the poor condition the brothers were put into, especially the senior brothers, I was unable to hold myself strong. My whole body was trembling, my words were getting lost. I experienced with my own eyes why Allah has promised so many glad tidings for the Mujahids. One Murabit, Mujahid Abdullah ibn Mubarak (rahimahullah) rightly wrote a letter to his friend Fudail ibn Ayyad (rahimahullah) who was doing ibadah at the Holy Haramain, saying, "When you shed your tears at the Holy Qabah, we shed our bloods to establish the Deen of the Owner of this Qabah."

Every one of us was lying naked in the house of the living dead owned by these merciless oppressors. They named it "Interrogation Cell": This was the real account of their interrogation. Our Mujahid brothers were in unbearable pain due to hunger, thirst, fatigue and above all of these due to constant physical and mental torture. These torturers had burnt the hands, beards and other parts of the body of some brothers with gunpowder after arresting them. They had crashed the legs of some brothers by shooting them with guns. They had made injured brothers and sisters crippled by cutting off their limbs in the name of medical treatment. I saw with my own eyes that beard of the brothers, the Sunnah of the Prophet Muhammad, was being pulled up with the blunt part of

an iron cutter. I myself experienced that, nevertheless it is obligatory for Muslim men to keep beard.

They kept us hanging weeks after weeks. They pulled up our nails. They slowly burnt attractive and sensitive areas of our body after taking off our cloths by dripping hot candles. They crushed us after putting us in between two ladders up and down. They made many brothers to sit on an iron chair in a small room and tied their hands, legs and bodies with it and then put high voltage bulbs over and around the head so closely that it feels like water was getting boiled. The defendants were made to urinate in an iron pot connected electrically. Blood is about to come out from the private parts and sometimes it really bleeds. Brothers were bored through wire-gauze in hands and kept hanging from a tree or a pole. Needles were put into the fingers of their hands and legs. Different body parts were given electric shock again and again to almost burn them. They cut off or disfigure the index fingers and the thumbs of the brothers who seemed to be important. Even they cut off their wrists, made them crippled by disfiguring their legs so that the brothers cannot be of any use when they go out of the prison. They poured water after covering the head completely with a cotton cloth or towel drenched with water or liquids like wine, beer, soft drinks etc. You would feel like you cannot breathe anymore which is really unbearable. If I could write down all the accounts of various types of tortures they do, next generation would get to know the real picture of it. Where is their humanity? Where are their promises? Where is their slogan for human rights? All hollow words! We would request the people of this nation not to get deceived by them, not to be afraid of them. Go ahead in raging speed; victory belongs to the Mu'min Insha'Allah!

Anyway, after watching this poor condition of the brothers I realized these beasts in the disguise of humans are planning something new. They were monitoring our actions. They started interrogating if someone did anything out of emotional surge. In spite of that one brother took the risk and made me informed through gestures not to drink the water supplied by them or to drink a little because that water was mixed with high power sleeping pills. Then I got it clear why they provided us with dry bread with water only and why we use to feel unusually sleepy after drinking that water.

I was still lingering in my thoughts, the environment again got intense with the sounds from the boots of some uniformed male and female officers and soldiers. We were asked to sign some papers. I told that all the allegations brought against the brothers were completely false. I would not give false witness. They started torturing us at a new level then. They made the junior brothers to beat our respected senior brothers. Who would inspire us in the matter of the Deen even with their simple presence, whom we all would not get a chance to serve, to insult those brothers the culprits had kept us all together in this inhuman situation. Soon I realized that I was going to be tested like never before in my life.

Threatening our handsome brothers to torture outrageously, those hyenas threw

them off to the floor and pressed their legs with their boots after binding their hands. My whole body was shaking in anger but no one is free. What can we do? We were perplexed. Then they started another level of torturing. When threatening, beating, electric shock did not work, one sick devil from the hell started abusing abhorrently which I cannot utter and said, "You need not to be a witness; now you go rape your daddy. Otherwise I would not spare any of you." After saying this he pushed me against one of my brothers. Shouting "Al-lahu Akbar" at the top of my voice I rolled myself aside and said, "I will sign the papers, but before that let the bothers be dressed."

Then they took me to another place covering my eyes; I had no idea what happened to those brothers. Seeing the condition of that new place I mentally prepared myself for death. They said, "What information do you have to help us against the terrorists, give us, we won't harm you." I kept silent and seeing that they tried to tempt me again. Then one human-shaped beast put a wet pad of clothes around my throat tightly. When they were convinced that I deceived them, they did not delay at all to provide electricity to the wet pad. In a moment, I was dumbfounded; I was like a living dead person!!! "O Allah, I am in need of any help You offer me. I submit my helplessness to you. Forgive me and all the Mu'min brothers. Protect me from this great trial. Make it easy for the brothers. O Allah! I surrender my family to Your Guardianship. Restrain the hand of the oppressors. Make division among them, destroy them!"

They took me to the magistrate. I was bleeding and in a critical state. I let them know through my gestures that I was not going to give false witness. The magistrate threw me away by kicking me from his bench, blood got curdled in my mouth. They sent me back to the prison fearing my condition would get worse. I kept laying with my nearly dead body; they gave me two very old dirty blankets to cover myself. They made me to stay alone in a room depriving me of all the special facilities of the prison hospital. By the mercy of Allah I started to recover well after suffering for a long period. My pain seemed insignificant when I saw brothers shot by bullets were left alone without any kind of treatment in the prison. Here our bothers were not even given the normal status of defendants rather they had to pass their days in constant degrading treatment.

Many young brothers are made to stay together with wicked criminals. Those innocent brothers have to stay awake night after night to save themselves from vile sexual torture. There is no account of how many brothers had been belabored with stick for the crime of protesting these acts! They had been beaten brutally in their knees, feet, and buttocks and after making them injured severely they were sent to different prisons as rebels so that they can be tortured again blindfolded. They were not allowed to get any so-called legal help or to submit a deny petition. They were prevented from having the basic right of meeting with relatives from the very beginning of getting arrested. Some prisons do not even permit any meeting with the family members during Eid celebration. Prison authorities frequently appropriate the money given by the parents. Indecent harassment in the name of searching is a common incident. Brothers are bound



to stay with smokers, drug addicts and other wicked criminals. They are to put shackles all day and nights. Brothers suffering from tuberculosis do not get any medical treatment. Many brothers are almost paralyzed and have lost their mental stability due to constant exposure to physical and mental abuse. Brothers killed without any treatment are told to be dead because of heart attack.

We have to follow rules strictly like an army camp. We do not get any scope for studying. If they find out one pen from us, we are ordered to be hit hundred times with sticks. They made us to wear black jom cap for silly excuses, to give rounds in front of the criminals blindfold and they kept us hanging from tall trees after putting handcuffs on our hands. They keep the brothers in the jail years after years without any charge. They are not even sent to the court rather they get the worst behavior all the time. Other criminals are made agitated against the brothers and when the dispute gets intense, the authority punishes the innocent brothers instead. If any Islamic-minded jail super behaves well with the brothers out of sympathy, then they have to go through show-cause to the divisional level. But this type of people is rare and understandably they behave well by getting impressed of the good character of the brothers.

Any rational human being does not want to lose his respect even after getting tortured. And here my respected brothers have got insults and mockery as their companions for years. O Allah! You are our only Guardian, only You are the Helper. You are the Protector of the child Musa. You are the Helper, the Guide who provided shelter and safety to the young people of the cave. You are Azizul Haqim and we are the oppressed for the sake of your Deen. O Allah! You are the best Planner! Forgive us and make us companions of those who are the pioneer for the sake of your cause. Give us strength to carry on in the way of Eeman.

O Muslim brothers who are still outside of the prison, I call you to engage yourselves in fulfilling the commands of Allah Subhanahu wa ta'ala. I feel pleasure in my heart seeing you being steadfast in Jihad for the sake of Allah at the face of numerous troubles. We know that only we are not the oppressed in this land, this caravan is very large. We want your du'a and love for the imprisoned Muslim brothers and sisters. Are you capable of doing something for those who are tortured in the dark prisons of the Jews-Christians, polytheists-disbelievers, apostates and atheist taghoots? And are you commanded to do anything to make the impossible possible? Remember the commandment of Allah:

And what is wrong with you that you fight not in the Cause of Allah, and for those weak, ill-treated and oppressed among men, women, and children, whose cry is: "Our Lord! Rescue us from this town whose people are oppressors; and raise for us from You one who will protect, and raise for us from You one who will help." [Surah Nisa, 4:75]

Only Allah will make the path to freedom from this inhuman torture easy for us. Only He will save us from this indescribable and sorrowful situation. Only He will cure us from the disgraceful ailments from which we are suffering and getting restless in ill-treatment, carelessness and negligence. He will loosen their

hands of those who have kept us captive unjustly. We submit our tears, our helplessness to Him. O Allah! Our Sustainer! Our Rab! Make us free from these tyrants. Send us a helper, a protector from Your side. You are the only one who takes revenge on the arrogant tyrant for the sake of those who are powerless and oppressed. In the end, all the praises be to Allah! Prayer and peace be upon our Prophet Muhammad, his family and his companions.

**FEW GROUP OF BROTHERS FROM THE JAIL OF BANGLADESH**

*Original letter was at Bangla format. Translated by a Muwahid Brother.*

Written at safar-1432.january 2011